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THE

SEVENTEENTH EPISTLE

of the First Book of

HORACE

IMITATED.

George Temple Bar

(Price One Shilling.)

MDCCLVI.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

K Horatius

EPISTOLARUM

LIBRI PRIMI

SEPTENDECIMA.

LONDINI:

Impensis R. & J. Dodsley in vico Pall-mall;

Prostant venales apud M. Cooper in Pater-noster-Row.

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Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLARUM

LIBRI PRIMI

EPISTOLA SEPTENDECIMA.

QUamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis, & sc
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;
Disce, docendus adhuc quæ censet amiculus: ut si
Cæcus

THE SEVENTEENTH EPISTLE OF THE First Book of *HORACE* IMITATED.

To a Friend in TOWN.

WHAT tho' beyond the Promiſe of your Years
In all, you do, matureſt Thought appears;
Tho' bleſt with Manners, ſure the Great to pleaſe;
A Poliſh, ſoften'd by a native Eaſe,
Scorn not, accompliſh'd in whate'er Degree,
To take th' Opinion of a Friend, ev'n Me.

Say,

Cæcus iter monſtrare velit : tamen aſpice ſiquid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.
Si te grata quies & primam ſomnus in horam
Delectat ; ſi te pulvis ſtrepitúſque rotarum,
Si lædit caupona, Ferentinum ire jubebo :
Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis :
Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriénſque fefellit.
Si prodeſſe tuis, paulóque benignius ipſum
Te tractare voles, accedes ſiccus ad unctum.
Si pranderet olus patientèr, regibus uti

Nollet

Say, art thou one, who ſhuns the tinſell'd Sights
Of liv'ry'd Lords, or frantic Fools at WHITE's,
Who ſighs for Solitude, when Faſhion calls
To Routs, to Revels, or to Birth-night Balls?
Hence then; from Town to * * * remove;
Rear the proud Pile, or weave the mazy Grove,
Or o'er vaſt Tracts bid thick'ning Foreſts riſe,
Till a new *Studley* ſpread before our Eyes.
Or would you quit Retirement to be great?
Go! mix with Patriots, and reform the State;
Till ev'ry Plunderer in Place be known,
And not a Sycophant be near the Throne.

The Preſence One admires, and One the Shade;
This Roots and Rags, that Turtle and Brocade.

Nollet Aristippus. si sciret regibus uti,
Fastidiret olus, qui me notat. Utrius horum
Verba probes & facta, doce: vel, junior, audi
Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia: namque
Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat (ut aiunt):
Scurror ego ipse mihi, populo tu: rectius hoc &
Splendidius multo est. equus ut me portet, alat rex,
Officium facio: tu poscis vilia rerum,
Dante minor, quamvis fers te nullius egentem.
Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res,
Tentantem majora, ferè præsentibus æquum.

Contrà,

L* cries; "did Men make CHEYNE's rules their Care,
Courts and Court-fools would be extremely rare."
To ſuch a Doctrine what will POLLIO ſay,
POLLIO, who wantons in Pow'r's warmeſt Ray?
Who has moſt Merit, tell me? Is it he,
That ſtinks and ſnarls in Dirt and Poverty;
Or who in Virtue foremoſt as in Place,
Can act the Miniſter or Man with Grace,
With equal Temper taught in Courts to ſhine,
Or with a Beam unſully'd to decline?
He, freed, like FENELON, from Pomp and Pow'r,
Sacred to Science builds the Attic Bow'r,
Or, nobly proud to rival TOWNSHEND's Toil,
With unknown Harveſts glads the teeming Soil.

Contrà, quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor vitæ via ſi converſa decebit.
Alter purpureum non exſpectabit amictum,
Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet,
Perſonámque feret non inconcinnus utramque :
Alter Mileti textam cane pejus & angue
Vitabit chlamydem : morietur frigore, ſi non
Rettuleris pannum : refer, & ſine vivat ineptus.

Res

Not ſo the Churl, whoſe Gall-o'erflowing Mind,
Pours the full Stream of Rancour on Mankind,
ST. JOHN, who early ſinn'd againſt each Rule,
In dawn of Manhood Paſſion's fickleſt Fool;
A CLODIO, and a CATALINE, by turns;
Now Pleaſure melts him, now Ambition burns.
See him inglorious in Life's cloſing Scene,
Victim of Picque, Hate, Envy, and Chagrin;
A Traytor, plotting with his Country's Foes,
Or Hermit, ſelf-tormented in Repoſe,
Reſtleſs thro' Spleen, by ev'ry Law unaw'd,
Libel his SOVEREIGN, and blaſpheme his GOD.
Wretch! by the Muſe's Love long veil'd from Shame,
Miſguided Friendſhip bright'ning all his Name:

Res gerere, & captos oſtendere civibus hoſtes,
Attingit ſolium Jovis, & cœleſtia tentat.
Principibus placuiſſe viris, non ultima laus eſt.
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Sedit qui timuit ne non ſuccederet : eſto :
Quid ? qui pervenit, fecítne viriliter ? Atqui
Hîc eſt, aut nuſquam, quod quærimus : hic onus horret,
Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus ;
Hic ſubit, & perfert. Aut virtus nomen inane eſt,
Aut decus & pretium rectè petit experiens vir.

Coram

In vain; lo! WARBURTON diſſolves the Charm,
Religion's Ægis blazing on his Arm.
But hail, illumin'd at fair Virtue's Shrine,
Ye, for whoſe Brows Fame wreaths th' eternal Twine,
Who wake for Juſtice, pant for Freedom's Cauſe,
The YORKES and PELHAMS of the State and Laws,
Wield Britain's Thunder on th' embattled Plain,
Or ſpread her Flag triumphant o'er the Main;
" Rare Lot, alas! by Arts like theſe to riſe,
" Giv'n to the few, the daring and the wiſe;
" And not to ev'ry Loit'rer, that can leer
" On Lords, and drop ſoft Nonſence in their Ear."
If there be ought in Virtue but a Sound,
Here then, or no where, will Deſert be found.

This

Coram rege ſua de paupertate tacentes,
Plus poſcente ferent: diſtat, ſumáſne pudenter,
An rapias: Atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.
Indotata mihi ſoror eſt, paupercula mater,
Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec paſcere firmus,
Qui dicit, clamat, victum date. ſuccinit alter,
Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.
Sed tacitus paſci ſi poſſet corvus, haberet
Plus dapis & rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

Brun-

This toils in Court, that ruſts in Indolence,
Say, which to Merit has the beſt Pretence;
He, who too exquiſitely fine of Frame
For Eaſe and Silence barters Wealth and Fame,
Or the free Youth, who fir'd with CURIO's Zeal,
Speaks, votes, and buſtles for the public Weal?
Yet of the Thouſands, that at Levees pead
Their Wants, what wonder, if but few ſucceed,
Cloſe-clinging to the Elbow of his Grace,
A bowing, ſimp'ring, cringing, craving Race?
For ſure, my Friend, howe'er Court-Corm'rants prize
The thriving Doctrine, ſome ſmall Diff'rence lies
Between the modeſt Suitor, and the Man
Who gripes with Harpy Talons all he can.

This,

Brunduſium comes aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,
Qui queritur ſalebras, & acerbum frigus, & imbres,
Aut ciſtam effractam aut ſubducta viatica plorat,
Nota refert meretricis acumina, ſæpe catellam,
Sæpe periſcelidem raptam ſibi flentis: uti mox

Nulla

This, after many a Comment on his Caſe,
Drops in dark Hints th' Expedient of a Place;
Another in a more embolden'd Tone
Hems not, but cries, "My whole Eſtate is gone."
A third embroider'd Beggar ſums his Tale
In two ſhort Words, "A Penſion, or a Jail."
Or mark the Dean, for ſubtler Counſels known,
Call'd by his Patron once a Year to Town,
He ſtrait grows peeviſh, to Excuſes flies
Of Coſts, of Trouble, or but half Complies;
Gravely objects the Danger of the Seas,
"But, ah! great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe."
To teaze what is it but to play the Part
Of her, long-practis'd in the wheedling Art,

Nulla fides damnis veríſque doloribus adſit.
Nec ſemel irriſus, triviis attollere curat
Fracto crure planum ; licet illi plurima manet
Lacryma ; per ſanctum juratus dicat Oſirin,
Credite, non ludo ; crudeles, tollite claudum.
Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.

FINIS.

Who has ſo gull'd her Cullies o'er and o'er,
That ev'n Sir * * is a Dupe no more?
The Caitif, once convicted of a Lye,
Unheard, unpity'd, wail'd his ſhatter'd Thigh,
Maim'd, or not maim'd, no Matter; tho' he ſwear
By ev'ry Saint good Catholics revere,
His Oaths unheeded, echo thro' the Street,
While the hoarſe Rabble roar, a Cheat! a Cheat!

11.7.49

FINIS.

FINIS.